

Miscellaneous.

MATTIE'S SMOKING CURE.

A wild girl was Mattie Lee. I knew her, when she was fifteen; she was the first in every frolic; a favorite with the master; yet the scholar who, oftener than any of the rest, caused a shaft to rest upon his brow. I knew her, when a grown up young lady;—she was first in every party of pleasure; a favorite with all the gentlemen, yet a shade to fall upon their hearts. I knew her, too, when a true-hearted woman, she gave her hand with her heart in it, to Richard Forest, the editor of one of our village newspapers. Now, Richard was a fine fellow, but, like a good many other "nice young men," he had one habit—he would smoke. This habit annoyed Mattie quite as much as it would most young ladies, but she did not commence curing him of it as they would have done—with prayers and tears entreating him for the love he bore her, to give up the noxious weed; not she. Mattie took a plan less threadbare, and it was this wise:

They were boarding and had a nice room, second story front. On a certain evening, just before dark, Mattie busied herself with putting her room to perfect order—placed every chair where it belonged, arranged the books on the table, and the mantle ornaments in the most tasteful manner. After taking a careful survey of the room and satisfying herself that everything was where it should be, she went to a bureau, and took from one of the drawers a small package, neatly folded in tissue paper; some jewel, probably, you will say, "with which she intends adorning herself to meet her lord." She carefully unfolded the paper, and took from it a new, spotless tobacco pipe, then opening at one end a roll of carefully sealed silver paper, she commenced stuffing the pipe with the fine cut tobacco. How strange her little white fingers looked, diving into the hateful stuff! The pipe well filled, she laid it carefully on the table, placed a match beside it, to await the coming of her "better half."

Soon she heard the street door open, and a well-known footstep in the hall below. Quickly lighting the match, she applied it to the herb in the pipe, seated herself, and as her husband entered, sat quietly by the stove, with wreaths of blue smoke curling gracefully over her head, which was turning back in that peculiar position of enjoyment which gentlemen assume while inhaling the weed.

Mr. F. had opened the door with visions of Mattie's smiling face, looking lovingly on him floating through his mind. How different the picture that met his astonished gaze! On hearing the door open Mattie looked up, and taking the pipe deliberately from her mouth, laid her husband "good evening," as though nothing unusual had happened; then, quietly resumed her smoking. Richard regarded her with a mixture of surprise and horror for a few moments, and then gave vent to his feelings in words:

"Why, Martha, what am I to think? Have you suddenly lost your senses?"

"I do not see any strong evidence of such being the case," answered the lady addressed; then, as if just comprehending the cause of his astonishment, she immediately asked—"Is it possible, Richard, that you are so astonished merely because I am enjoying a comfortable smoke? Has no one ever informed you that I smoked?"

"We would here state that one of Martha's faults, was that she would not always stick to the truth as closely as she ought to have done. Like thousands of others, she would 'do evil that good might come.'"

Each particular hair seemed to stand on end, in contemplating the tale unfolded by that reply. The only outward manifestation he made of the state of his feelings, was an emphatic "impossible!" accompanied by a look of horror.

"Why impossible, my dear? If I had taken to smoking only lately, I am but following in your footsteps, thereby showing a willingness to be guided, as a dutiful wife should be, by the inclinations of my husband, and a laudable desire to consult in all things, his tastes; since it adds to your enjoyment, and you have told me how much all your pleasures are heightened by being shared by me, I have concluded it is my duty to keep you company in this delightful enjoyment, instead of each of us enjoying it separately. How delightful it will be to sit together during the long winter evenings, and thus taste the thoughts of social intercourse. Come, sit down; I have here a cigar in readiness for you; I prefer the old fashioned pipe."

By this time Richard's brain was well nigh stupefied.

"It cannot be possible that you would so degrade yourself! Am I dreaming, or is this real? Tell me, Martha, tell me that you are not in earnest."

"Why, Richard, it seems to me that you are making a great ado about a small matter. I do not think it so dreadful to enjoy a harmless, innocent pipe, here in my room, occasionally, where no one can possibly know it but yourself. Beside if there is any degradation in the practice, as you hinted a moment ago, I am only coming down to a level with my husband. You expect me to love you notwithstanding the habit, why not vice versa? And if it makes no change in your feelings toward me, I care not what others think," and Mattie now looked up in his face with such an expression of veneration for him, and all his actions, that he almost laughed, annoyed as he felt.

"Come, Mattie," said he, more pleasantly than he had yet spoken, "let us make an agreement—If you will leave off smoking, I will use but one cigar a day, for a week, and then give it up entirely. What do you say?"

"I do not see why I should not have the same privilege as yourself," said Mattie, pretending to be offended, "it is probably quite as difficult for me to give up a long established habit; then, after a moment's consideration, she added, 'However, since I consider that provision in your favor, an acknowledgment of the superiority of the strength of woman's will over that of the stronger sex, I will accede to your proposition.'"

If Richard ever smoked that "one cigar a day for a week," Mattie never knew it. On that eventful night he had seen himself as others saw him, and with the sight vanished forever his love of smoke.

One of the nearest replies ever heard in a legislative body, or anywhere else, was lately made by Mr. Tison, of Rockland, Maine. A member had replied to something Mr. Tison had said, and replying a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman, I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but I do not see any thread."

OLD SAXON WORDS.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words,
Your spells are round us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams
With music all your own;
Each one in its own power a host,
To fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back
Of life's familiar things.

Yours are the hills, the fields, the woods,
The orchards, and the streams,
The meadows, and the flowers that back
In the sun's rejoicing beams:
Mid them our childhood's years were kept,
Our childhood's thoughts were reared,
And by your household tones its joys
Were ever more endeared.

We have roamed since then where the myrtle bloomed
In its own unclouded realm;
But our hearts returned with changes love
To the brave old Saxon realm,
Where the laurel, o'er its native streams,
Of a deathless glory spoke;
But we passed with pride to the later fame
Of the sturdy Saxon oak.

We have marvelled at the mighty piles
On the old Egyptian plains,
And our souls have thrilled to the loveliness
Of the lovely Grecian fane;
We have lingered o'er the wreck of Rome,
With its classic memories crowned;
But these touch us not as the mouldering walls
With the Saxon ivy bound.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words,
They bear us back with pride
To the days when Alfred ruled the land
By the laws of him that died;
When in one spirit truly good,
And truly great, was shown
What earth has owed and still must owe
To such as him alone.

There are tongues of other lands that flow
With a softer, smoother grace;
But the old, rough Saxon words still keep
In our hearts their own true place.
Our household hearths and household graves,
Our household smiles and tears,
Are guarded, hallowed, shrouded by them—
The kind, fast friends of years.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words,
Your spells are round us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams
With music all your own;
Each one, in its own power a host,
To fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back
Of life's familiar things.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

MUTTON RIGHTS AND CANINE WRONGS.

The Legislature has adjourned. The dog-owners breathe freely. Canine rights were in danger up to the last hour of the session. Never was Legislature ever devoted to any hobby, as this Legislature to dog-laws. Dog laws were their especial forte, and they expended a vast amount of valuable time, to say nothing of the fearful wear and tear of brains, upon the absorbing theme.—We should be afraid to tell on how many days out of the eighty-five of the session, dog-laws were the order of the day. Not that the members were to blame. Far be it from us to insinuate against them any negligence of human rights, or human interests. They only did what they were put up to do.

We charge it all to the mutton interest. The indispensable sheep is a favorite farm product of Ohio. The dog has an invincible prejudice against wool, an irrepressible affection for the mutton covered thereby. The result may be easily foreseen. The peace, order, and security of society, as represented by the mutton interest, are incompatible with the uncontrolled freedom of dogs.—Upwards of a hundred thousand of the snowy tribe were "made mutton meat" last year by the canine destroyer. Think of it—gentle and tender-hearted reader! A whole host of innocent, white-fleeced victims, converted from frisky, gambolling lambs into "dead unpleasant bodies," as Mr. MANTON was wont to say. Here was a slaughter of the innocents—a St. Bartholomew massacre, a wanton and savage destruction of life and property!

No wonder the farmers grew nervous and excited. No wonder they cursed the law which wouldn't let them kill the miscreants, without being held to answer to the owner in damages!—Damages, forsooth! Why, the damages were all on one side. The sheep untimely slain—the precious wool, wasted, torn and destroyed—the appetizing mutton or delicate lamb, rendered unfit for table, and then, to add insult to injury—awful damages, to be paid to the remorseless owner of the murderer! "Why, then, lose upon lost the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction—no revenge!"

No wonder the farmers poured their petitions into the Legislature for an anti-dog-law. No wonder the farmer-members thereof, were instant in season and out of season, to secure a stringent restrictive dog-law. The evil had gone to huge proportions, and the remedy must be applied.—But it was found a great deal easier to measure the evil than to devise a remedy. Bill after bill was drawn, reported, amended, passed, reconsidered, re-amended, and so on, until the august intellect was puzzled to keep up with the dog question in the Legislature.

A stringent dog-license was passed in the Senate. It outlawed every cur not found wearing a collar bearing the owner's sign-manual. It taxed the whole tribe from fifty cents to two dollars each.—But it was sagely discovered to be unconstitutional, and defeated in the House. The dog raised their depressed tails once more. But their exaltation was short-lived. Their constitutional rights, though they exempted them from paying licenses, could not save them from rendering up their lives. Towards the close of the session, a dog law was agreed upon, put through, and clinched. It authorizes the killing of all dogs found on any foreign premises without being accompanied by their owners. Whether the effect will be to cement the mutual attachment of the dog and his master, so that they shall become henceforth inseparable companions, remains to be seen. At all events, the mutton-interest is appeased—which is a consoling reflection to the benevolent mind.

We have nothing to say in behalf of the canine race, as against the superior claims of the more valuable sheep. In all questions between the useful and the ornamental, we feel constrained to go for the useful. The dog being an article of luxury mainly, must yield to the animal who is an article

of use. Cotton is king at the South, and it has been seriously intimated that wool is king at the North. Let us bow gracefully to its sway. But we must put in a timely word of caution to such of the canine tribe as have been accustomed to the free range of their respective neighborhoods. It will not hereafter be lawful to poach upon any preserves, except your own. If you are caught outside the domestic domain, you will probably be shot or otherwise be exterminated, with no remedy except the reclamation of your dead bodies to your surviving friends. Cultivate then, the domestic virtues, and repress your longings for rambling and adventure. Suffer no imaginary visions of snowy fleeces or delicious lamb's flesh to tempt you from your kennel. Be satisfied with second-hand bones and kitchen baked meats, and cherish no forbidden longings for mutton served up as nature. Cultivate the Christian virtues of contentment, humility and self-denial. If you are tempted in an evil hour, to go mad, don't you do it. Think better of it, and lay the waters of innocence, in an atmosphere of security and peace. So shall your days be long in the land, and no untimely bullet or remorseless buck-shot make your swift quietus. Stick fast by your master—so shall you grapple him to you in the firm bonds of affection—so shall you save your own bacon. So shall you continue to sit, each under his own vine and his own fig-tree, having none to molest or make him afraid.

CUSTOMS IN INDIA.

From an interesting report in the *Christian Enquirer* of a lecture by Mr. Gangooly:
The car of Juggernaut has been misunderstood. There is no fixed rule to make this car. It is made in the shape of a pyramid sometimes, very expensive and of great size. The proof of the advancement of the people in sculpture may be read on this car. The cars are sometimes fifty feet in height and sixteen feet square at the base. As it rises, it projects in a great many steeples, somewhat like those on a church. This car took its origin from the fact that Krishna, the god, when a child, lived in the village of Kouka. The king in a neighboring province had a great festival, invited Krishna to be present, and sent a car to carry him to the festival. To commemorate the fact, the Hindoos carry the image of Krishna on it (as they say) to give him a good ride. As to the self-sacrifice of the Hindoos, it is not true. The Hindoos believe that, if a sinner should give two or three pulls at the ropes connected with the car, he will be taken to heaven by a similar car.—This false idea induces many of the mental Hindoos to go forward and pull these cars; and often by their carelessness, they fall under the wheels, and are immolated. I once saw four perish in this way, so that their faces were entirely obliterated. When caution is taken, no one is killed. When a heavy car gets in motion, it cannot be stopped, being drawn by hosts of horses. The ropes with which the people pull the car are five hundred yards long.
When young I wanted to help draw the car.—I rode on it but was afraid to draw it. I thought that heaven would be thus secured, such was my earnestness and love for these idols. It makes me smile when I think of these things. Once it rained and blew very hard, and all the people left the car, except myself. I remained, and held the idol from being blown about by the wind. The very consciousness of doing something good made me feel cheerful and contented.

This car is drawn on the first day of every month; and on the eighth day it is drawn back.—The latter is a matter of policy; it has no sanction in the Hindoo scriptures.
The rich man who dedicates the car, entertains freely all the lower castes, by thousands every day. This is the leading feature of Brahminism, viz., the carrying of alms to the poor. All other ceremonies do not amount to much, if this is not done.

A rich man promised the river Ganges one thousand ripe mangoes. As the servants were bearing the baskets to the river with this fruit (which is the richest fruit in India), a poor man tired and hungry came and asked for one of the mangoes. The servants bid him go to his business. He hazarded his life, and took one and ate it. At night, it is said, that the river Ganges came to the rich man in human form claiming the payment of nine hundred and ninety-nine mangoes, saying that he had received but one. In this, Brahminism indicates a beautiful form of charity. I am sorry to say that it also teaches that, if you help a Brahmin, and do not help other castes, you do right.

I will, in closing, describe the ceremony of hook-swinging. In this matter, the Brahmins act cunningly. They do not perform the ceremony themselves, but let other people do it. The hook-swinging takes place in honor of Siva. A great king is supposed to be the founder of this institution. You know, the monastic idea is, that self-torture propitiates the Deity; here is the same idea.—Those days the worshippers of Siva walk the streets, carrying with them a basket full of threads; and, on meeting a man, they put one of these threads around him, and compel him to go with them.—The hook-swinging is a horrible performance.—They take a long pole, as high and thick as those used for the electric telegraph. The devotee kneels on the ground, and two iron hooks as thick as my little finger are passed through his back. He is then dragged to the pole, and the people give him a swing. Once I saw a man with his legs towards heaven, his head downward. The people who do this do not appear to suffer. I know not the reason. I felt such enthusiasm that I tried once to fasten one through my own skin. My father said, "You must not do it—it will displease the god!"

There is another fearful ceremony in this worship. A man will take a dreadful fat-headed snake (I do not know what you would call it) and pass it through his tongue, and coiling it around him, perform a dance.
I have told you what I believe to be the simple truth. India is truly in a state of great degradation. What are the idols, books and festivals? These are nothing—are not essential to salvation. Let us lie at the feet of Christ, and ever trust in our Heavenly Father. The age of symbolism has passed away; let us do what we can to bring about the emancipation of those who will still bow to idols.

When Mr. Jefferson was asked respecting his religion, his memorable answer was:—"It is known to God and myself. Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

"Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toll is the portion of man:
We each should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can."

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.
Mr. Editor—Dear Sir: Having cast my eyes on the Bugle, dated 31st March, 1860, I took notice of a highly absurd statement headed, 'The Scotch Thistle,' which terminated with the following remark, 'The thistle was thenceforward adopted as the national insignia of Scotland.'
From time immemorial the national flag of Scotland was the Lion, the same it is at this time.
Every nation in Europe has the figure of some animal as their flag. The ancient Scots declared that they were the most valiant and war-like people in Europe; that no other dare come against them in battle array, man for man; and if any presumed to do so, that they (the Scots) could tell the result before the battle was commenced. And as the Lion was the master beast in the European forests, they adopted him for their national emblem, from time unknown to history.
But every nation had an herb as well as an animal. The ancient Scots adopted the wild Thistle from the same motives from which they adopted the Lion.
Look at an expression of Burns in his address to Edinburgh:
"Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia's bloody Lion bore."

It is to me very strange the ignorance prevalent in the United States concerning European national affairs, and especially those of Great Britain.
It is generally understood in this country, that the Lion was the flag of England, whereas it never has been. In the year 1066, when the Royal family of England was utterly extinct in Elizabeth Plantagenet, James VI, of Scotland was the legal heir of the throne of England. The English had to submit peaceably to his reign, or try their fortune in war. The English against them appeared too heavy. So they sent an Ambassador to him with a request that he would consent to come and assume the throne of England.
This man was not so destitute of national feeling as to lay aside his native flag and assume a foreign one, so the flag of England, which was a Dragon, was laid aside, and the Lion of Scotland continued ever since.

James VI created the term Great Britain, and the Lion is the national Emblem of Great Britain, of which England is a part only, though the most considerable part.
The Lion of Scotland was blood red in battle, and gold colored in the Legislative Hall.
The above is well supported by respectable historians. If you see proper to give it room in your paper, it is at your service. Some of your readers, would be entertained, and their views somewhat corrected by it.

ALEXANDER McLAUGHLIN.
APRIL 2, 1860.

A LEGAL APOLOGY.—When Lord Eldon—then plain John Clerk—was at the bar, he was remarkable for the *sans froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that 'he was surprised at such a decision!' This was construed into contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly when the name of the delinquent was called, Clerk arose, and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal: "I am very sorry my lords, that my young friend has so far forgot himself as to treat your bench with disrespect. He is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did not originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships! Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day, he had known you but half as long as I have—I doubt whether he would be surprised at anything you did."

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.—At the election recently held the following gentlemen were chosen Directors of the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railroad Company for the ensuing year.
J. Edgar Thompson, Geo. W. Cass, Springer Harbaugh, Wm. Robinson Jr., of Pennsylvania.

John Larwell, Robert McKelly, W. Merriam, Kent Jarvis—of Ohio.
Samuel Hanna, A. L. Wheeler, Piny Hoagland, J. L. Williams of Indiana.
Wm. B. Ogden, John Evans—of Illinois.
Gilead A. Smith—of New York.
The Committee of ten created by the resolutions passed at the stockholders' meeting for the purpose of meeting with the Board when the re-organization of the road is to be considered, has been selected by the representatives of the several States.

HAD HIM THERE.—A good story was told the other day about John Van Buren. He had taken some technical, legal advantage, by which his opponent's client in an action was non-suited. The man was furious, and declared his purpose to give John a piece of his mind when he saw him; he would whip him. Happening to see John one day at Downing's, standing at the bar, getting outside of a dozen New York Bays he boldly confronted the Prince, and being a small man, looked up at him fiercely and burst out, "Mr. Van Buren, is there any client so low and mean, or any case so low and nasty, that you won't undertake to defend him in it?" "I don't know," said John, stopping to put away another oyster, then bending down and confidentially drawing out his reply in the little man's ear, "what have you been doing?"

IGNORANT MINISTERS.—An ignorant minister having remarked, in the presence of Dr. South, that the 'Lord has no need of man's learning,' that witty divine replied, 'Still less has He need of man's ignorance.'

THE CLIMAX.—A poor fellow says: "In an evil hour I became addicted to drink. From that moment I have been going down, until I became an outcast—a loafer—a thing of no account, fit for nothing else but to be a member of Congress."

It is stated that the young Prince of Wales will cross the Atlantic in May, to lay the last stone on the Victoria Bridge, on June 4th, the birth day of his grandfather, George the Third. It is thought that the Great Eastern will bring him over.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,
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Orders for the paper and letters containing money in payment for the same, should be addressed to ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.

Money carefully enveloped and directed as above, may be sent by mail at our risk.
We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One Square (16 lines) three weeks, : : : \$1.00
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Two Squares six months, : : : : 5.00
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One Fourth Column one year, with privilege of changing monthly, : : : : 12.00
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J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

George W. Manley,
AM BROTYPY
AND PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST,
SCHILLING'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET,
SALEM, OHIO.
Salem, June 23, 1859.

J. Heaton,
OF THE
"SALEM EXCHANGE,"
Is now in receipt of a FULL STOCK OF
FALL & WINTER GOODS;
Everything in the line of Dress Goods—Fashion-

able Dress Silks,
Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons,
Rich Plumes,
Dress Trimmings, Morcos, Skirting, Celebrated Skeleton Skirts, Corsets, Buckskin Gaiters, &c., &c., &c.
Woolen and Lined Hosiery, Fall & Winter Shawls, Very Large Assortment Bro-

che Shawls, also, a Heavy Stock Domestic to 12 cts. Hooded Fur-trimmed Goods and Car-Cloths, and Cassimeres, Clothing Ready-Made and Made to Order: Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Salt/Sole Fish, &c., &c., &c.
WANTED:—Any quantity of Butter and Eggs, for which the highest cash price will be paid; also, Hides, Wool, Pelts and Dried Apples.
Salem, Nov. 5, 1859.

THOMAS SHARP, HENRY KING,
SALEM IRON WORKS
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HARP & KING,
MANUFACTURERS OF
IMPROVED STATIONARY AND PORTABLE
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Improved Circular Saw-Mills and Mill-Gearing of all descriptions, Machinists' Tools for all purposes. Gear Cutting done to order on New and Improved Principles. A good assortment of Superior Rubber Belting for sale at the lowest cash prices.

Particular attention given to the construction of Machinery for Flouring Mills—both Steam and Water.

We have provided ourselves with a Gear-cutting Machine, which enables us to cut gearing 61 feet in diameter, and under, and 10 inch face, and under, also to fill core wheels and dress the teeth with the same machine, which insures accuracy and uniformity in the teeth. Dressing cogs in this way is less expensive and more accurate than doing it by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run almost as still and smooth as bell.
Cash paid for old Iron, Copper and Brass.
May 14, 1859—ly.

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Boys. We have [constantly on hand a large and varied] [assortment of Seasonable Piece Goods] of Every description, adapted to Men's and Boys' Wear, which we will sell by the yard, or make up to order in a superior manner. Mr. Cowen, stands unsurpassed in his profession, and that we keep the best workmen to make up our work: Our motto is "Ready Pay—Quick Sales and Small Profits!" Goods received from the East weekly. Fashions received monthly.

N. B.—We have opened a House at ALLIANCE, STARK COUNTY, OHIO, in the new and elegant store-room, west end of the Buckeye House, where Goods can be bought at the same low rates as at our house in Salem. We thank the Public for their past liberal patronage and shall use every exertion to merit its continuance and increase.

H. WEEKS & CO.,
Sign of the American Flag.
May 14, 1859.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.
BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at this Office.

A RESIDENCE WORTH \$600
For Sale for \$500.

SITUATED ON EAST MAIN ST., NEXT WEST OF ISAAC TRESCOTT'S RESIDENCE.
Enquire of ISAAC TRESCOTT,
Salem, Oct. 1, 1859.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.
BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

In assuming the control of the Atlantic Monthly, its new proprietors deem it scarcely needful to spend many words in assurances or promises. The congratulatory "good wishes" they have received from all parts of the country seem to justify them in the confidence that their own character as publishers will be accepted by the numerous readers and friends of the Magazine as a warrant that they will do everything in their power to increase its interest, to enlarge its circle of attraction, and to raise its standard of ability in all departments.

They think it proper to say, simply, that no change will be made in the general character of the magazine; that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public; and that the relations of the publishers with authors on both sides the Atlantic will enable them to add materially to the variety, interest, and value of its pages.

The Atlantic has never been, and will never be, a sectional journal. Its publishers have no parallels of latitude in the Republic of Letters, and while they will judge of any article offered them, not by the source whence it comes, but by its own intrinsic worth, they will at the same time endeavor to maintain its character as a periodical in which earnest thinkers may find expression, unhampered by fear of that narrow censorship which what is loudest, but not deepest, in Public Opinion would fain establish.

Terms.—Three Dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, except Alaska. Subscriptions may begin with either the first or any subsequent number. The postage of the Atlantic is thirty-six cents a year, if prepaid.

The pages of the Atlantic are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied. Clubs.—For Ten Dollars the publishers will send five copies of the Atlantic for one year, the subscribers to pay the postage. Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmen will receive the work for Two Dollars a year.

Booksellers and Newsmen will obtain the terms by the hundred, etc., upon application to the Publishers.
TICKNOR & FIELDS,
135 Washington, corner of School St., Boston.

THE HOME JOURNAL FOR 1860.
MORRIS AND WILLIS, EDITORS.

A NEW YEAR OF THIS POPULAR FAMILY NEWSPAPER will be commenced on the first day of January next—printed on fine paper and new type. With the January number will begin the publication of a new and beautiful ORIGINAL WORK OF FACT AND FICTION, written expressly for the Home Journal, entitled
JENTY PROUD FOOT.

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